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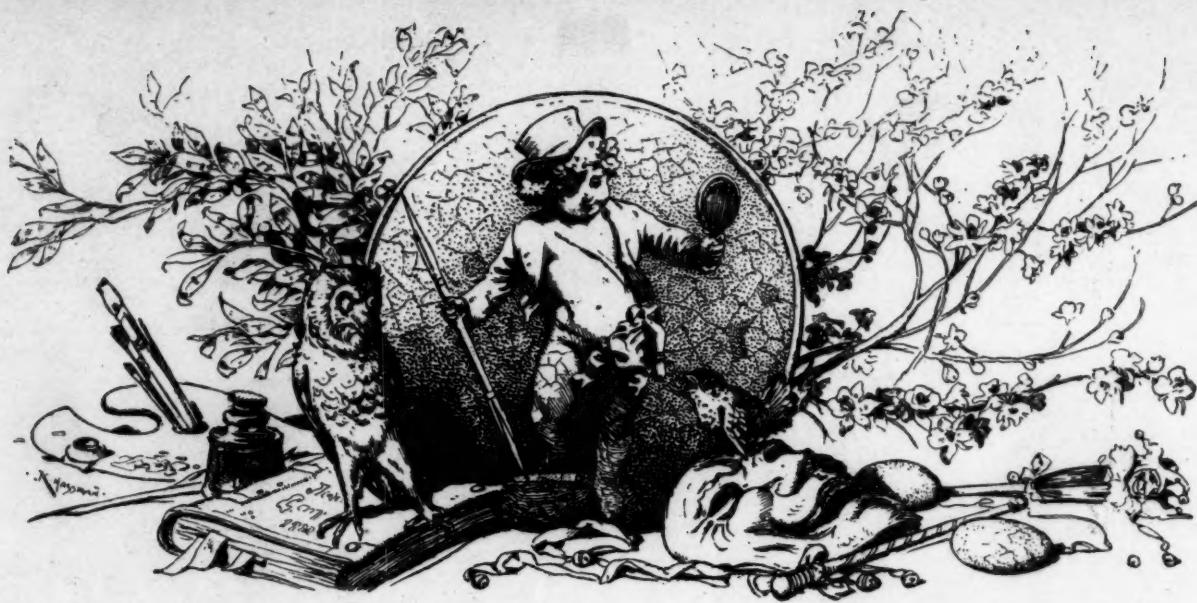
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA!"



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### Cartoons and Comments

#### THE MYSTERY OF MR. LINCOLN.

WILL somebody please set us right? A portrait of the Hon. LAWRENCE V. SHERMAN, who in all probability will succeed the Hon. SHELBY M. CULLOM as United States Senator from Illinois, makes us suspect that we have been laboring under a false impression. If so, we wish to adjust ourselves to facts. Mr. SHERMAN, the probable successor of Senator CULLOM, is described as a man who resembles ABRAHAM LINCOLN, yet the printed portrait plainly shows him as a man of sad expression, with deep-set eyes, and sunken cheeks heavily lined. Between LINCOLN and SHERMAN, says a newspaper dispatch, the parallel is almost startling. If this is so, and a man with sad expression, deep-set eyes, and sunken cheeks, not to mention a crop of black hair, looks startlingly like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, where on earth did we get the notion of LINCOLN's appearance that persistently sticks in our mind? Somehow, in some way quite inexplicable, we have pictured ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a type of man wholly different, and if our attention had not been called to it by the headlines we should have passed Mr. SHERMAN's portrait by with never a thought of possible resemblance. Whence came this conception of the Great Emancipator? Who or what is responsible for the idea that LINCOLN had a sad expression, deep-set eyes, sunken cheeks, and black hair? Up to the present moment of indecision we should have wagered confidently that ABRAHAM LINCOLN was full-faced and rather florid; that his hair was brown and rather close-cropped; that he was nearsighted and wore eyeglasses; that he had a scrubby little moustache, and just below it two rows of gleaming, formidable teeth which frequently met like a flint and steel. In some mysterious manner a LINCOLN with these plans and specifica-

tions took complete possession of us, and now we learn with something of a shock that a statesman with a sad—not a fierce—expression, and with deep-set eyes and sunken cheeks, bears a likeness to LINCOLN that is "almost startling." If this parallel be correct, and the Hon. LAWRENCE V. SHERMAN of Illinois really looks like the great Father, who can it be that we have had in mind? All our cherished illusions seem to be passing. After this, we expect to hear any day that LINCOLN never wore a sombrero; or that he never made use of the famous expression with which we have always fondly credited him: "You can slug *some* of the people through the ropes *all* of the time; and *all*

of the people through the ropes *some* of the time; but you cannot slug *all* of the people through the ropes *all* of the time." Will somebody please set us right?

ONE of the big bones of contention in difficulties between capital and labor is the stubborn issue of "the shop." Is it to be the closed shop or the open shop? In reality, the shop issue is much bigger than it appears; it concerns a great many more people than most of us suspect. It concerns everybody in the United States, in fact, because the United States is itself a shop. To some it is an open shop, with all the latter's freedom of competition; to others it is a closed shop, with all the latter's advantages. Many of the industries which do not believe in the closed-shop idea when Labor is the beneficiary are enthusiastic advocates of it when Capital benefits. For Protected Monopoly, the great industries which years ago outgrew all real need of coddling through the Custom House, the Tariff creates a closed shop; a shop with the same set of boundaries as the United States. It is a closed shop as far as the consumer is concerned, for with the tariff in force he must pay any price that Monopoly chooses to exact. For so-called "protected" Labor, however, the United States is an open shop; wide open, because there is no tariff on foreign labor like there is on foreign goods, and with the exception of paupers or chronically diseased persons any foreigner may come to this country and compete with the American worker. It is a handy sort of arrangement for those who profit by it; a shop which is both open and shut. No wonder the Tariff Issue is at the front again. It should never have been anywhere else.



UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN A HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

When Truth is the Universal Language.



**THE PRESS-AGENT.**  
"The show is fierce, but we've got \$20,000 tied up in scenery."

**THE DRESSMAKER.**  
"Alas! Madame is entirely too stout to dress becomingly in the prevailing mode."

**THE PUGILIST.**  
"He'll put me to sleep in the first round, but I need the money."

**THE PRETTY BLONDE.**  
"No; this peroxide is not for my teeth. I use it on my hair."

**THE ACTOR.**  
"Well, I never really played with Booth, but I played in the same town with him once."

### Poems of Politics

#### ONLY ME.

"I preferred that Congress, rather than debate the Canal, should debate me."—T. R.



II, Man is prone to argufy, to squabble and debate  
On politics, religion, and his job;  
He argues every question that confronts the Church or State;  
He carries all the issues in his nob.  
The Pros are always positive, the Cons are just as sure;  
'T was ever thus, and thus 't will ever be;  
But ne'er did any question ever boost the temperature  
More often than the mighty issue

#### ME.

There's nothing else to talk about, to write about, or scrap;  
Just mention ME and start a lovely brawl.  
Oh, ME and ME'S prerogatives monopolize the map,  
The atmosphere, the universe, and all.  
And ME is not too diffident, he really does n't mind  
If people on the subject disagree;  
No topic on the calendar, I rather think you'll find,  
He'd rather have them talk about than

#### ME.

Oh, what's the use of arguing the issues of the day,  
Recall, the Referendum, and its mate,  
The Trusts, the wicked Tariff with its greedy Schedule K,  
And all the other problems of the State?  
The tendency in everything, they say, is to combine,  
So let us simply issue a decree  
That all our rights and interests we cheerfully assign  
To one who knows the game much better—

#### ME.

A. H. Folwell.

#### THE ARM OF SIN.

A WELL-KNOWN surgeon of Paris is doing a good deal of experimenting in the grafting of legs or arms upon persons who, by accident, have become separated from a limb. Naturally there is an unwillingness on the part of anyone who has been fortunate enough to retain his limbs in good condition to sell them or rent them out; and so the only supply is from persons condemned to death for crime.

You cannot convince two birds in the bush that one of them in the hand possesses greater value.

The surgeon, who had a patient who had lost his left arm, prevailed upon a butcher named Renard, about to be guillotined, to give him the promise of that left arm which was about to be retired from active business. Renard was reluctant to give consent. He realized that the arm was going to be of no use to himself, but he did not relish the idea of having it go into other hands. Finally, however, he inclined to altruism, and gave his permission.

But would the one-armed man consent to such an expedient? Decidedly not. He flatly refused to have a murderer's arm grafted on him. He was an honest man—he, and of a respectable family, and he knew that it was far better to have no arm at all than to be the possessor of an arm which was without faith, without conscience, and might stay out late nights, engage in low street encounters, or even run amuck and commit a serious offense. He foresaw the results of keeping bad company. Little by little, he well knew, his decent right arm would be corrupted, led into reckless riot, and brought to ruin. So he will keep his empty sleeve. He has risen above temptation. The taint is not upon him. He may sleep in peace and quietness o' nights.



#### HIS DIFFICULTY.

CHAUFFEUR.—Hello, Jimmy! Don't you recollect your old pal?  
JIMMY.—Sure! That is—yer name is familiar, but I kinder forgot yer face!

## PUCK

### DOCTORS.

**D**OCTORS are the Bravest Guess in the World. What they Don't Know they make you Think they Do. That's good for you and vital to them. So they like to Avoid Mistakes. And they are caught in few. The marble slab is inevitable, anyhow. Doctors are to help us postpone it. If they had their way, we'd live forever—but with occasional Symptoms to remind us that Doctors also have to live.

I always did like Doctors—afterward. I never knew any one to be hurt by them who "took" them only Socially. They are "indicated," and should be prescribed as Good Fellows, with the best ethics of any profession, and a mellowing that comes of their Experience with the first, middle, and last of the Life of Man. They Help us to Come and Go—and to Keep Going between times.

I began that way. While Father Ran for the Doctor, Mother and I beat him to it. When they got back, We were There. Two of Us. And I have made it a point to keep at least a lap ahead of the doctors ever since. Hers was the first lap ahead—but I've gained many since. Including a sometimes-useful one of my very own.

I love my Lawyer. The man who can meet the mean side of life, the side law is made for, and "keep sweet and keep moving," is a Man. And I have encountered Clergymen who did not deserve to be baptized in a deep tank and forgotten when under water. It takes a Good Fellow to play Private Secretary to God a long time and not get puffy about that same.

But the Doctor has the humanest contact of any of the professionals that live by the needs of their fellow-man (or what he Thinks he Needs). To help the little mother in her Wonder-Hope; to assist the New Being to come and help to steer it; to aid us to hold back from the Brink the dear life upon which so many hang their hopes; to counteract (so far as we will let him) our own stupidities, our own forgetfulness of how God meant us to eat, drink, sleep, love, breathe—that tune of responsibility is enough to Humanize a rather petty Raw Material (as many "Meds" begin). And enough to make a Real Doctor one of the biggest things in the world.

Let us take Doctors as we need. Me, "for Company."

"Who steals my Purse, steals trash.  
'T was mine, 't is his ——"

But my Pulse is Mine, early and often. They can't have it. Neither that reception-room-of-me, which is ever gay with such guests as Look Good to the doorkeeper at my mouth. I shall continue to eat, drink, sleep, play, work, and otherhow abuse and amuse myself as I D.G. and P.—and no M.D.'s to meddle. But when it's to the Glad Board, I



SWEET CHARITY.

**S**ome of the people who expect to play a harp in the next world could n't play a hurdy-gurdy here.



### INTERRUPTED CONVERSATIONS.—II.

**H**E (continuing his remarks).—Will you marry me, my dearest?  
**S**HE.—Am I the only one who can make you happy?

**H**E.—You are the only one who can make me miserable by refusing to marry me!

always like some Doctors aboard. It's lovely to see them eat as they would n't let me if they had me Down! And swallow Other Palliatives, and burn incense to My Lady Nic. Like the other preacher, they prescribe "Do as I Say, not as I Do." And there's a certain ripe and broadened tang to them that would better my digestion—if that old quartz-crusher ever needed any lubricant.

In my youth I once had a Doctor—who did catch up. He gave me Hope and Dope. Which do you think I took—I who write this to-day? Only one guess allowed.

Doctors should be endowed by the State to keep us Well. They should be districited and held responsible each for the birth-rate, death-rate, digestion, and general habits of his ward. For any shortage from normal his stipend should be docked; and he should be further penalized, after the second offense, by transfer to a More Fashionable quarter, where there are fewer babies, more dyspepsias, and more gourches.

Before being allowed to practice—ever take note of the deep meaning of that little word "Practice"?—all Doctors should be examined, searched, and otherwise X-rayed, not merely as to their ability to count a pulse and stick a thermometer under our tongue, but particularly measured as to the breadth of their smile, the cheerfulness of their eyes and teeth, the contagiousness of their hand-clasps, and the tone of their footsteps. I hereby offer myself as Examiner-in-Chief with Power to Act.

Platform: "One Doctor at Dinner is worth two at the Post-Mortem."  
Chas. F. Lummis.



### CLERICAL SAGACITY.

**D**EACON COLE.—Ah's mighty glad Ah took a trip l' Noo Yawk an' got dis ahdea from de trolley cahs! Now Ah kin see who am de delinquent contributors to de collection plate!

**T**HOUGH woman has a clinging nature, she does n't seem able to hang on to money.

**S**OME people wake and find themselves famous; while others stay up nights wondering how to achieve fame.



# What's What in Washington.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE IN THE POLITICAL CLEARING-HOUSE.

**CANNON'S CIGAR RECIPE.** "HERE's a secret that it took me years to learn," said Uncle Joe Cannon, Representative of the eighteenth Illinois district, who, as nearly everyone knows, is an inveterate smoker. "If you want to get the most out of a cigar light the 'wrong end.' Any man who smokes cigars to any great extent will tell you that he gets more real enjoyment out of the last inch of his cigar. Now, my plan is to light the last half first and get to the best part of the smoke as soon as you can. Of course, you have to snip off the end that is supposed to go in your mouth before you can light the cigar, but if you try my plan you won't ever go back to the old-fashioned way unless I'm badly mistaken."

**FREE TRIP TO CHICAGO.** If any one is looking for a free trip to Chicago, it might be well for him, or her, to apply for a job right off at the Taft, the Roosevelt, or the La Follette campaign headquarters, for each of these three office forces is to move bodily from Washington to the scene of the Republican National Convention in a few weeks. Representative William B. McKinley, chief-of-staff of the Taft forces, Senator Dixon, manager of the third-term Presidential boom, and Commander Houser of the La Follette followers, are planning to pull up stakes and transfer their publicity headquarters to the Windy City by the middle of May. "Are you anxious to leave Washington and get to Chicago, so you can be on the ground early?" Congressman McKinley was asked.

"I'm like the Baltimore drummer who went to an interurban ticket-office to purchase transportation to a point in Virginia," Mr. McKinley answered. "The ticket-agent said: 'Do you want to go to Falls Church?' 'No,' the traveling-man replied, 'I have to go.'"

**PROBABLY THE LAST STORY.** Senator Bob Taylor of Tennessee told before his death was one about an old darky who had experienced a good deal of bad luck, and was called on one night at church to relate his religious experiences during a service of praise and thanksgiving.

**THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.** "Down in my State," said "Fiddling Bob," "there lived an old-time negro who was very devout. He was accustomed to go to church regularly, and he hardly ever missed morning and evening services on Sunday or Wednesday night prayer-meeting. One day the old man took to his bed,

and a doctor told him he had pneumonia. He was laid up for over a month, and the first day he was able to be up he fell and broke his hip. The accident was a serious one, and it was three months before the old darky was able to hobble around the cabin on crutches. Before he was able to go out of doors the negro caught the small-pox from a sympathizing neighbor, and nearly died.

Finally, at the end of the year, the old man was able to be up and around. He hobbled into church one evening, the first time in a twelvemonth, and everyone crowded around to congratulate him on his recovery. The parson came down from the pulpit and welcomed his aged parishioner. "I had intended preaching a temperance sermon to-night," said the minister, "but I've changed my mind. We have here one of our brothers who has been sick a long, long time. He is able to be out now, and has come here to worship with us again. Surely we have much to be thankful for. The Lord has been very good to us all, and so I think we will turn this hour of worship into service of thanksgiving, and I will call on some of you to relate your religious experiences. It is only right and proper that our brother who has been sick so long should be the first one to speak, so I will call on him to tell us what the good Lord has done for him."

"Well, the old negro pulled himself to his feet, glanced around the room for a moment, and with a pained look on his furrowed face said, in a squeaky but firm voice: 'Ah'll tell yo' all what He done foh me; I damn near ruint me!'"

**OUT INDIANAPOLIS WAY.** A mock Congress is maintained by the pupils of one of the high-schools. Bills and resolutions are introduced, a Speaker presides over the House of Representatives, a presiding officer elected by popular vote serves as President of the Senate, Congressional investigations are continuously held, speeches are made at intervals of convenient regularity, and other legislative business is transacted as it should be. Since its establishment, a quarter of a century ago, the Congress has been a big success from every point of view. The boys and girls—Senators and Representatives—assume the names of sure-enough Congressmen who receive thirty cents a mile from the Government as expense-money when traveling to and from Washington and their homes.

John Worth Kern, the junior Senator from the Hoosier State, takes great pride in the high-school

Congress, and he helps the boys and girls all he can in advising them as to parliamentary procedure and other matters. The other day he received a letter from a girl who impersonates the senior Senator from West Virginia, Mr. Chilton, in the school Senate. "I want you to help me all you can, Mr. Kern," the letter ran, "because I need your advice sadly. You see, I have been chosen to impersonate Senator Chilton of West Virginia in our mock Senate at school, and I can't find out anything about the man. What I want you to tell me is what kind of a man he is. Is he married? Has he a good record as a member of Congress? What legislation has he proposed? Does he ever make speeches? Did he get to the Senate by honorable means? Also, please tell me if he is handsome, and if he has a past. I hope you can tell me lots about this man, for I am anxious to learn all I can about him. It is likely that I will have to stick up for his public record, as my colleague threatens to make public another scandal; it may prove to be as bad as the Lorimer case, but I hope not."

Soon after he received the letter, Claude Bowers, Mr. Kern's secretary, showed the letter to Senator Chilton, and suggested that he furnish the desired information. "All I can say is," commented the West Virginian, good-naturedly, "that I hope the girl puts up a good defense."

**"WHENEVER I AM INTRODUCED AS 'ONE OF THE NEW SENATORS FROM ARIZONA,'** said Senator Mark Smith, who was recently assigned to a seat in the last row on the Democratic side of the **Smith the Fifth** Senate, "my newly-made acquaintance invariably says: 'Oh, yes, you are from the State where there are lots of snakes and Gila monsters, aren't you?' It's getting rather monotonous to answer such questions, particularly because I never saw a poisonous snake or a Gila monster until I visited the Zoo in Washington. One reason is, perhaps, that I never touch liquor. I can truthfully say, though, in all seriousness, that I never saw a venomous reptile in all the thirty-one years I have lived in Arizona. They are there, I suppose, but I have n't seen them, and, to be real frank, I never went out of the way to look them up."

With the coming of Senator Smith to Washington as a Congressman, a Marcus Aurelius is put back in the Senate, the last being Marcus Aurelius Hanna of Ohio. It also makes a fifth Smith in that body, there being, besides Senator Smith of Arizona, a Senator Smith from Michigan, Georgia, Maryland and South Carolina respectively.



ARMY LIFE AS HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

### THE TEST.

**S**HE asks me if I love her.  
I answer "Night and day."  
None can take place above her,  
This with proud truth I say.

But should she ask, if never  
Before I'd loved? I can  
But feel I'd cease, forever,  
To be a truthful man!

*Madeline Bridges.*

### FROM THE POLKVILLE CLARION.

**WE** are requested by the charming bride-to-be's accomplished mother to announce that our announcement, in last week's issue, of the betrothal of Miss Winnibelle Marilae Skyne to J. Merton Windler was entirely uncalled for at that time, and we take great pleasure in now having done so. Mrs. Skyne gently but firmly announces that she will personally announce to us just when the announcement should properly be announced.



ARMY LIFE AS HE FOUND IT TO BE.



THE CABARET FREE-LUNCH.

NEXT STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT IN THE LATEST METROPOLITAN FOOD FAD.

## ANOTHER BANK HOLDUP.

**T**HE line at the receiving-teller's window was composed principally of shop-girls and office-boys or errand youths. They all held in their hands little metal boxes, furnished by the bank, for the purpose of saving their dimes and nickels, or, perhaps, pennies, from day to day, until they had enough to warrant a trip to the Big Bank to deposit their accounts.

One in the line there was who kept his hands thrust into his trousers pockets. He held no metal bank and, consequently, was watched with suspicion by the grey-uniformed officer, who made it a point to be directly behind the lad when his turn came at the receiving-teller's window. And then the youth's first action was rather surprising. He suddenly drew from his hip pocket a shiny, nickel-plated revolver, and slapped it down on the window-ledge, the muzzle pointed direct at the lady receiving-teller. She let out a good-sized shriek, and the officer gathered the young man in his fat arms and dragged him to an inside room.

"So, just like that, hey? Pretty nervy kid, ain't you, hey?"

"Lemme go—what d' ye mean, anyway? I did n't do nothin', mister! Lemme go—"

"You got a nerve, you have, tryin' to turn something off

with me on the job right behind yer! What do yer think I'm here for, anyway? Hey?"

"Say, now, lemme go, will yer? I did n't do nothin'! I want ter go an' deposit me money, see? Dat's all! An' if yer don't lemme go I'll report yer to the office, see?"

"Yer will, will yer?" replied the officer, with a vicious shake of the frightened youngster. "Is that so! Well, first we'll have a look at that little barker of yours—carryin' a cannon under my nose, hey? Well!—of all the—" Just then the lady receiving-teller called over the heads of the astonished, wide-mouthed spectators surrounding the window:

"Patrick! Oh, Patrick! That's all right! Let the young gentleman come over here and give me the key of his savings-bank, so I can open it, will you?"

Turning around in bewilderment the officer saw the lady teller holding the shining weapon up before her, and then was dumfounded to see her give it a little shake, making a noise like a tin rattle.

"Now will you be good, you big stuff, you!" said the boy, as he squirmed out of the grasp of the special policeman. "You'll lemme go, won'tcher, so I kin open me bank? You're a fine cop, you are, wot don't know a gun when he sees one! Huh! You better take a toot around Ann and Nassau Streets some day an' find out what th' fakirs are peddling, see?"

Clive N. Hartt.



HE WAS IN WRONG.

HORSY-LOOKING STRANGER (*in opera lobby*).—Say, Friend, put me wise, will yer? There's such a mob of swell dames here that I can't find me way to the show-ring. Where the devil are the horses?



THE WEEK'S WOOL-CLIP.

**PROFIT-TAKING:** A figment of the market-writer's imagination, used to explain a drop in the market when a rise has been predicted. You buy some Steel; for instance, at 71. It sells up to 71½ and then drops to 68. You ask your broker what is the matter. "Nothing," he answers. "They're just taking profits." You wonder whose profits he means, theirs or yours.

**AVERAGING:** An invention of the Devil designed to hurry up those disposed to delay about getting themselves in too deep. "You bought that hundred at 70," they tell you; "buy another now, at 60, and the price will only have to go back to 65 for you to be even." Yes, and with 200 on your back instead of 100, it will probably only have to go to 55 for you to go broke.

**SHORT-SELLING:** A thing the outsider doesn't know anything about and with which he has no sympathy. The principal way, therefore, in which the professionals make money.

**STOP-LOSS ORDER:** The thing that makes you worth gunning for.

**THE TICKER:** A most useful little machine that shows you just what prices were five or ten minutes ago. Also valuable because it makes you beat the margin-clerk to it by happening to stroll out of the door just as he starts to draw you aside.

In a well-known office on Broadway just around the corner from Wall, three customers come in every morning just about the same time and settle down for the day. Office gossip has it that the tall one used to be a Presbyterian minister, and that the one with the big bulging forehead is a professor of mathematics. The other one wears a white-and-black checked suit, a brown derby hat, and spats.

All three have bad cases of tickeritis, though in each case the symptoms are different. The mathematics man works with three charts, and what those charts tell him to do he does—regardless of how foolish it may seem. The ex-minister is a great believer in the study of what he calls "underlying conditions"—"lying conditions," the board-boy calls them. The checked-suit man has no definite methods or ideas. If you ask him why he's selling it or buying it, he tells you that he "has a hunch." Many a time we've seen him make a pin-prick on the blank ticker-tape rolled up on the back of the machine and buy whatever stock happened later to be quoted on that particular spot.

How are they making out? Well, the ex-minister, of course, the "underlying conditions" man, is losing his fastest.

The mathematics professor isn't really so far behind; the commissions are what's beating him, and he hopes to remedy that—though, of course, he can't.

The man with the continual "hunch" is away ahead of the game. He has long losing streaks, but every once in a while he strikes it right and makes a "killing." Maybe it will last, maybe it won't. "Anyway, for the time being," he says, "I'm making a living out of it."

**PRONOUNCED** weakness in the market for sucker-lists—one of 5,000 names recently went at \$50.



IN THE YEAR 2012.

**FIRST VOTER.**—Then you think the President is entitled to re-election?

**SECOND VOTER.**—Certainly. He has been on the job more than any President for the past hundred years. He has spent over eight minutes in the White House, and didn't begin his campaign for re-nomination until at least two months after his inauguration.

The same day a list of only 3000 changed hands at \$500; but then a "squawk-list" went with that. What with Government vigilance and "public enlightenment," the sucker-list isn't worth much these days unless accompanied by a list of those liable to "squawk."

THE wrangle had reached the point at which one of the parties, determined to bet, repeatedly

and loudly makes the statement that "money talks." "Money talks, does it?" coolly replied the other. "Say, if you were to put up any money on this argument, and the money did any talking, do you know what it would say? *Adieu, Auf Wiedersehen, GOOD-BY!*"

A WEALTHY mining man in Saskatchewan recently wired a New York brokerage house to buy him 90 shares of Canadian Pacific. The brokers bought the stock, paying therefor an eighth over the highest price that happened to be quoted that day for full hundreds.

The mining man was furious—wrote in that his paper showed that 244 was the highest the stock had sold that day, and that it was an outrage to charge him any more.

The brokers sent him a polite reply, stating that his order had been for an "odd-lot," and had, consequently, been executed at a slightly higher price than the regular market.

The following is an extract from the mining man's answer: "So my order was for an 'odd-lot,' was it?—an order to buy \$21,960 worth of stock! We're not exactly pikers up here, but we don't do business on quite that scale. Twenty thousand dollars is money, and an order amounting to twenty thousand dollars is an order—not much of an odd-lot, either—and entitled to the closest market there is. If your fool Exchange doesn't recognize that now, let 'em change their rules and change 'em quick." Franklin.



DRAWING THE LINE.

**SUFFRAGETTE ORATOR.**—All males but criminals and idiots have the right to vote. Are we to be classed with idiots and criminals?

**VOICE FROM THE BLACK MARIA (in agony).**—NO! NO!! Heaven forbid!!!

**T**he secret of success has been fairly well kept, considering that so many people are anxious to tell about it.

PUCK



THE PUCK PRESS

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL IN T

PUCK



SHMAEL IN THE DESERT.

## The Weber and Fields Reunion.



**A**FTER the thousand-and-one write-ups that appeared in all the news sheets the morning after Weber and Fields and their associates "came back" to Broadway, there's precious little to say at this late date. Fields still chokes Weber, and we laugh just as heartily as we did when the stunt was a new one. Lillian Russell refuses to look a day older than she did seven years ago. Fay Templeton sings "Rosie" to as many encores nightly as in the days of the little music-hall some blocks further down the street. Bessie

Clayton is still miles ahead of all the other toe-dancers, and then some—but why go on? It's a wonderful crowd—quite as good as in the old days—although there never will be another Pete Dailey, and although one can't help wishing Bonnie Maginn and Mae MacKenzie were still leading the "Rosie" chorus. Frankie Bailey, however, is still with us, and they're as shapely as ever.

Let us hope that Weber and Fields have come back to stay!

W. E. Hill.



**W**e are compelled to modify a request which we made in our last issue. With our well-known zest for news, but without exercising as much forethought as we ought to have done, we asked our readers to write or tell us all they might know about the people residing or visiting in their respective neighborhoods, adding that facts were what we wanted most urgently.

While we are indeed grateful for the hearty and liberal manner in which our appeal was answered, we must respectfully ask our correspondents and informants to please be a trifle more charitable and indefinite and a little less trenchant and literal. While it is possible that most of their acquaintances are liars and dogs and sorcerers, and some are misers who would skin fleas for their hides and tallow, and others are malefactors who would embezzle the coins from a defunct Senegambian's eyelids, we can scarcely say that the recital thereof would be news; and, besides, we must confess that our life-insurance is small, our speed limited, and the skin of our back thin.

Tom P. Morgan.

### THE DOCTOR.

**T**HE pills of a merry doctor work best.

If wine, women, and trolleys were obliterated there would be few doctors fed.

The man who lies to his doctor or his lawyer would blow out his own brains if he had any.

We call in the doctor to do in a day what we have been undoing for a year.

A cheerful doctor keeps the graveyard guessing.

The least a doctor can do is to let us live. The most he can do is to help us ditto.

The leaner the doctor, the fatter the neighborhood.

The worst doctor is the one that has to come oftenest to call on us.



### SHE MEANT WELL.

"I'm so sorry not to have recalled you, Mr. Smith, but you have such a hard face to remember!"

**T**he difficulty of knowing what not to say is never so great as the difficulty of not saying it.

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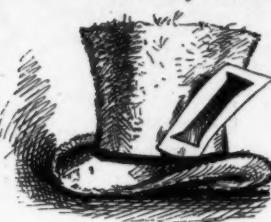
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## HOW THEY WOULD HAVE SAID IT.

BEING VARIATIONS OF A CAMPAIGN SLOGAN AFTER VARIOUS POPULAR WRITERS.

Theme by Theodore Roosevelt: "My hat's in the ring."



BY WALT MASON:

T sends a pain athwart my works to see an old chapeau that shirks. I drag it forth, by brim or crown, and gladly, madly, dash it down into the centre of the ring. It's there—now do your worst, by jing!

BY ED HOWE:

An Atchison girl's father, who has political aspirations, came home without his hat the other night. When a politician is without his hat, look in the ring for it.

BY GEORGE ADE:

Once there was a Spotlight Affinity, who had been out of the Carbide Rays so long that he was dying, Egypt, dying. He could n't sell his Beauty Secrets to the Newspapers, and he had no Voice for Grand Opera. But Somebody had carelessly left the Political Ring unguarded, and seeing a Chance to set Things vibrating, he tossed his Lid over the Ropes, and then leaped upon a Pullman Platform and dashed over the Country telling Everybody what he had done.

Moral—Nobody loves a Fat Man's Hat.

BY DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON:

The exercise of throwing one's hat in the ring is splendid for middle-aged men if not practised too strenuously. Remember, however, that it can be overdone. The best method of procedure is as follows: Rise early and, after a brisk tramp of about five miles, take a shower-bath and rubdown. Remember, however, that the shower can be overdone. After bathing, attire yourself in light gymnasium costume, and cautiously approach the ring. Do not advance too briskly, as it can be overdone. Hold the hat in the right hand, between thumb and forefinger. In the left hand should be held a string, attached to the hat brim. After swinging the hat two or three times, throw it into the centre of the ring, and then, with a deft and graceful jerk of the string, pull it out again. Do not do this more than once every four years, as throwing the hat in the ring can be overdone.

BY JACK LONDON:

It was snowing on the Chilkoot trail—snowing, snowing. To make matters worse, the weather man had promised more snow for to-morrow. Dragging a sledge, upon which a sinister-looking bundle swayed, half-a-dozen gaunt huskies, who had kept themselves alive for two weeks by eating their harness inch by inch, staggered into Jacques Bonbon's camp.

"God, boys!" exclaimed Jacques, staggering back as he looked into the bundle on the sledge, "it's Swiftwater Ike, candidate for Coroner."

"His ears are plum friz, too," said Skagway Sam, with an oath of horror. "Where's your hat, man?" Swiftwater Ike raised himself, his primordial strength coming back in one last surge. "It's in the ring, you damned fool!" he cried, and then fell forward in the snow, dead.

Arthur Chapman.



## The Pony Express

### A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

Pony riders carried messages from Missouri to California, nearly two thousand miles across mountains and deserts, through blizzards and sand storms, constantly in danger of attack by hostile Indians.

Fresh horses were supplied at short intervals, and the messages, relayed from rider to rider, were delivered in the record-breaking time of seven and one-half days.

Railroad and telegraph took

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

the place of the Pony Express, carrying messages across this western territory. Today the telephone lines of the Bell System have done more, for they have bound together ranch and mine and camp and village.

This network of telephone lines, following the trails of the Indians, connects with the telegraph to carry messages throughout the world.

By means of Universal Bell Service the most remote settler is no longer isolated, but has become a constantly informed citizen of the American Commonwealth.



### THE ONLY DANGER.

NEW MERCHANT.—How big an "ad" would you advise?

ADVERTISING MAN.—That depends on how many tons of customers your store floor will sustain. You would n't want 'em to break through into the cellar, of course!

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Drink to the health of the bride in the very essence of purity and healthfulness —the champagne that is nearest like her—

**COOK'S**  
Imperial Extra Dry Champagne

bright and sparkling, full of the joy of life, exquisite of bouquet, the sole choice of the connoisseur.

If Cook's had the import duty and ocean freight to pay that foreign champagnes must, it would probably cost you more than they do.

American Wine Co.  
St. Louis, Mo. 15

**UNLIKE THE OYSTER.**  
How sad is my lot!  
Says the poor little clam;  
Whether I'm dead or not,  
You don't care a cent!"  
—New York Globe.

**ONE WAS A STRANGER.**

Two old Scots were going home one night after a convivial session at a public-house. The affair was in the traditional manner as immortalized by Bobby Burns. Fearing trouble ahead as the light in the distant cottage window became apparent, Sandy said to Donald:

"Donald, I'll walk ahead of ye, and ye tell if I'm walking stree anecht."

Donald watched Sandy carefully, and then remarked:

"Sandy, mon, ye're walkin' fine, but who's that drunken loafer with ye?"—Indianapolis News.

**COMPLIMENTARY.**

MAUD.—Miss Oldun thinks that hotel clerk just lovely.

ETHEL.—Why so?  
MAUD.—He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register: "Suite 16."—Boston Transcript.

"You must not talk all the time, Ethel," said the mother who had been interrupted.

"When will I be old enough to mamma?" asked the little girl.—Yonkers Statesman.

A CLERGYMAN in a small town was deplored the fact that none of the couples that came in from the country to be married stopped at his house for the purpose.

"Well, brother," said the man addressed, "what can you expect, with that big sign on the tree there, 'Five Dollars Fine for Hitching Here'?"—Youth's Companion.

ROOSEVELT will not get the Nobel Peace Prize this year.—Atlanta Constitution.

**OH BE JOLLY!**

It has a flavor as distinctive as the flavor of a choice vintage wine. Malty and Hoppy. Bottled at the Brewery. Send for price list.

**A. G. VAN NOSTRAND,**  
**Bunker Hill Breweries,** Established 1821, BOSTON, MASS.

**A HIGH-BROW.**

"Say, come over here, old man; I want to ask you something in confidence. Is there anything particular-looking about me?"

"No. Why?"

"That tall, handsome young woman just beyond the punch-bowl asked me a moment ago whether I fiddled or played chess."—Record-Herald.

**CHALLENGE**  
WATERPROOF  
**COLLARS & CUFFS**

Entirely different from the ordinary waterproof collar in style and appearance. You can't tell them from linen. Collars 25c—Cuffs 50c. At Tailors'-Style Bookstore, The Arlinton Co., 225 Broadway, N.Y. Established 1883.

**HE INSISTED.**  
There was a young lady of Siam,  
Who said to her fond lover, Kiam:  
"I refuse to be kissed,  
But if you insist,  
Heaven knows you are stronger than I am."  
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

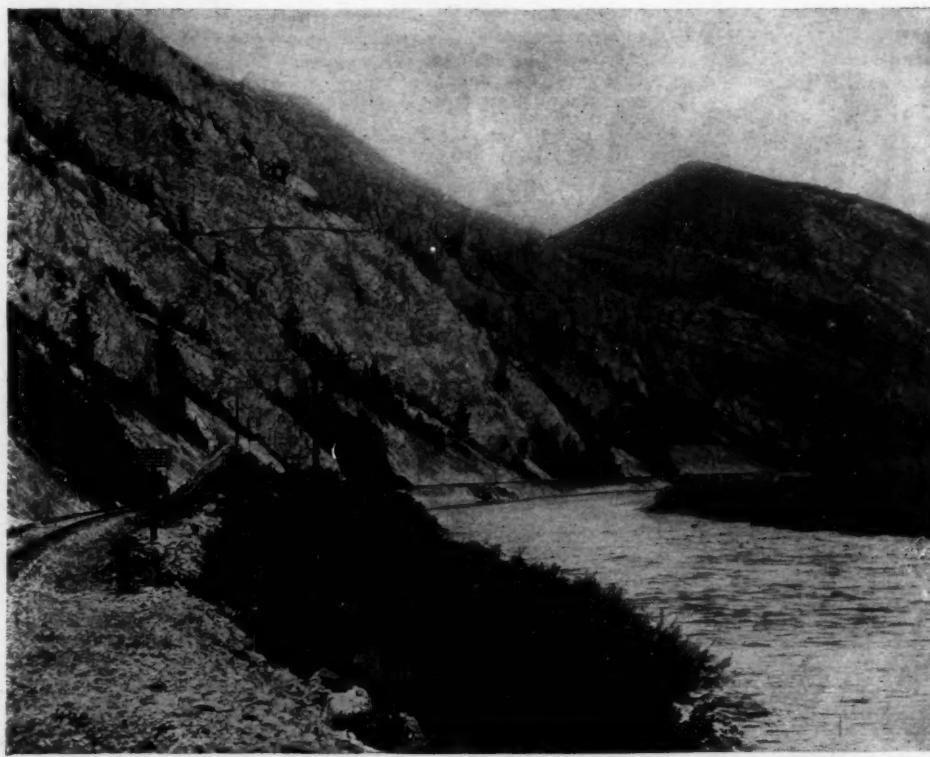
"PA, was Washington a boy-scout?"  
"No, my son; the organization was not in existence in his time."

"Well, I don't see how he could do all he did if he lacked the training that we get every week."—Buffalo Express.

**HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS**  
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JEFFERSON CANON, MONTANA.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

"Now, in order to subtract," the teacher explained, "things have always to be of the same denomination. For instance, we could n't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs."

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Jewish Ledger.

MRS. SUBURB.—I wonder what's come over Harry? Instead of being cross, as usual, he started off happy and whistling like a bird this morning.

NORA (*a new girl*).—It's my fault, mum. I got the wrong package and gave him bird-seed for breakfast-food.—Woman's Home Companion.

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## Bear This Fact In Mind

THE SOFT, MELLOW DELICIOUSNESS OF



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

### MISPLACED PUNISHMENT.



THE BOSS BARBER.—What? You have cut the gentleman four times?  
Well, just for punishment, you must shave him all over again, right away!

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

**Automobile Eye Insurance needed after  
Exposure to Sun, Winds and Dust. Murine Eye  
Remedy freely applied affords reliable relief.  
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort—Try Murine.**

### SOME MOURNER.

Down in Georgia a negro who had his life insured for several hundred dollars died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to her friend, she was very particular in going into detail as to the prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho is fine clo'es, but, befo' Heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear?"

The bereaved one sighed:  
"Chile, when I mou'n's I mou'n's."  
—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### DA POLITEECA BOSS.

Giuseppe Baratta ees great politeesh':  
He w'at you call "Dago poleetica boss."  
He peek da best man for da Pres'dant poseesh',  
An' show how you vote jus' by maka da cross.  
He say: "Neva minda w'at som'body tal'  
W'at dees man or dat man ees gon' do for you.  
You no ondrastan' deesa theeng vera wal,  
So jus' wait an' see w'at I tal you to do."

Giuseppe he study an' theenka an' work  
So hard for descovra w'eech side esa best,  
Ees nobody else een da ceety Noo York  
So theen like he gan' so needs da rest.  
Ees holes een hees shoe where da toes ees  
steek through;  
Hees clo'es dey are look jus' so bad as  
dey can.  
He say: "Eet ees harda for know w'at to do—  
I guess we welll vote for da Democrat man."

But steell he work hard for be sure he ees right,  
An' study som' more; an' so—presto!—wan  
day  
He com' weetha face eet ees shiny an' bright,  
I see dat at las' he ees find da right way.  
He gotta new shoes an' new pants an' new coat,  
An' looks so styleesh an' fine as he can;  
Hesay: "Ees meestak! We gon' changa dat vote.  
Ees besta for vote for dees Roosevelt man."

Giuseppe Baratta ees great politeesh':  
Hees heart ees so true an' hees brain ees so  
bright,  
He work an' he study, baycause he no weesh  
For mak' up hees mind teell he sure he ees  
right.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

### Keep Your Matches Dry

in this light-weight,  
nickel-plated, waterproof  
**Match Box**  
which we will send, together with  
a copy of this month's *National  
Sportsman*, on receipt of 25c.  
in stamps or coin.

**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN,**  
78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

### THE "DOER."

"So you want a position in my firm?" said the merchant to the applicant. "Well, what were you in your last job?"

"A doer, sir," answered the sad-eyed applicant.

"What's that?" asked the employer.

"Well, sir," said the sad-eyed one, "I was the doer, and the rest were the tellers. When my guv'nor wanted a thing done he would tell the cashier, the cashier would tell it to the book-keeper, and the bookkeeper would tell it to his assistant, his assistant would tell it to the chief clerk, and the chief clerk would tell it to me."

"And what would happen then?"

"Well, sir," replied the sad-eyed applicant, "as I had n't got any one to mention it to, I'd go and do it." —*Evening Sun.*

### NO CHOICE.

Hubert Latham, the Antoinette flyer, was talking at a tea to a pretty California girl.

"Mr. Latham," said the girl, as she took her nineteenth walnut-and-lettuce sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"

"Well, no, none in particular," Mr. Latham answered. "Arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as another." —*San Francisco Chronicle.*



## YACHT CLUB French Sardines

MOST EASILY DIGESTED BITE

Packed in the best internal lubricant

### PURE FRENCH OLIVE OIL

Just the right size to broil.

Nothing finer, if eaten simply as they come out of the tin.

Insist on getting Yacht Club Brand, and you will always have the best obtainable.

MEYER & LANGE New York, Sole Agents

### Shine on!

If not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

### Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 285 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

### Laugh and Grow Fat!

### Take PUCK and Laugh!

## It may be a late Spring

But don't get  
grouchy!

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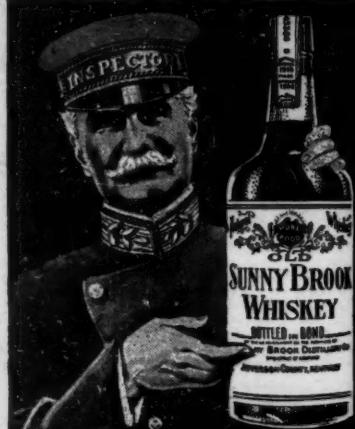
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*Properly used,  
the Best and Most  
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Substitute

MRS. KAWLER.—So your daughter is in Paris having her voice cultivated. Does she intend to enter professional life?

MRS. BLUNDERBY.—Oh, yes, indeed. She is studying to be a bella-donna.—*Boston Transcript*.

### CLARK'S BABY CHAIR

MAKES ANY CHAIR A HIGH CHAIR

Hooks on the back of an ordinary chair, is absolutely safe for baby cannot possibly tip over or wiggle out. Goes on or off in a second. folds so as to take up no room, goes in baby carriage, or suit case, weighs less than a pound.

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Address FRED S. CLARK  
295 Lafayette St., New York.

McGORITY.—Oi'll buy yez no new hat, d'yez moind that! Ye are vain enough ahlriddy.

MRS. McGORITY.—Me vain? Oi'm not! Sure, Oi don't t'ink meself half as good-lookin' as Oi am.—*Christian Register*.

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THE COVER PAGE.  
By George Blake. Photogravure in Sepia, 8 x 11 in.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

"I THOUGHT you had a trained nurse to wait on your wife?"  
"So I have."  
"And now you're looking for more help?"  
"Yes, I find I have to have three or four maids to wait on the trained nurse."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I SUPPOSE," observed the envious person, "that when you go to Europe the whole Continent tips up?"

"Not at all," said the experienced traveler. "When I go to Europe I usually have to tip the whole Continent."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"You say you can get me into society?"

"Yes; but we must plan a campaign. Now, which crowd do you want to get in with, the bridge set or the gasoline set?"—*Courier-Journal*.

### A THRILL OF PLEASURE

goes through a man who likes good ale when a bottle of

# Evans' Ale

is placed before him. All the senses glowingly respond to its seductive influence. Its delights are as rich and rare as those of the glorious hop fields—and just as real and lasting. Ideal beverage for an outing.

Dealers or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

### AFTER THE AUTO ACCIDENT.



"You see, we go just as fast as you do with your machine, and at least we are not shook up."—*Le Rire*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

An Eye Insurance Policy at Your Drug-gist's. Murine Eye Remedy Insures—Eye Health—Eye Comfort—Eye Beauty. Try Murine.

### AS THE HEATHEN SEE IT.

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man!"

"Yes, to be sure," replied the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you would n't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I would n't!" said the missionary.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid!"—*Ram's Horn*.

## 'OF Ancient Lineage'

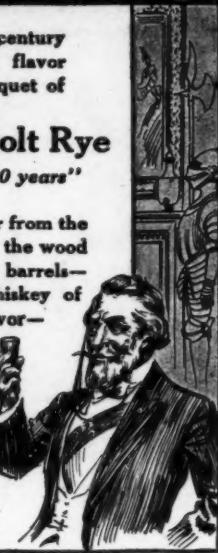
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the mature flavor  
and rare bouquet of

### Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

have won favor from the elect. Aged in the wood in charred oak barrels—a bonded whiskey of exceptional flavor—worth asking for, insisting upon

A. Overholt  
& Company  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"AND does this fat little boy belong in your crowd?"  
"No'm; we just use him to try the ice with before we go skatin'." —*Houston Post*.

KNICKER.—How long does the cook promise to stay?

MRS. KNICKER.—She says she will finish breaking this set of china. —*New York Sun*.

PATIENCE.—How long will their honeymoon last, do you suppose?

PATRICE.—Why, I can't tell. I don't know just how much money he's got. —*Yonkers Statesman*.



A delightful DRINK; an excellent TONIC for the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.

Ask for it anywhere  
liquors are sold.

SHE.—Why do you want me to take the morning-glory as my floral emblem?

HE.—Because the morning-glory knows when to shut up. —*Baltimore American*.

MOTHER.—I really think you'd be happier if you married a man who had less money.

DAUGHTER.—Don't worry; he will have less in a short time. —*Boston Transcript*.

SHE.—I married you because I pitied you.

HE.—Well, everybody else does now. —*The Club Fellow*.

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky. The delicious flavor and aroma of

## Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes.  
**AT ALL DEALERS.**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Prop.  
Hartford New York  
London



### NO PITY NEEDED.

PASTOR.—I was so sorry for your wife during the service this morning, Doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her.

DOCTOR.—Don't be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time. —*Fliegende Blätter*.

SHE.—In a way, getting married is like using the telephone.

HE.—How so?

SHE.—One doesn't always get the party one wants. —*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror, arranging her thin hair, when her bald-headed husband entered the room.

"Say, Em'ly," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to?"  
"Why don't you?" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. —*Lippincott's*.

"THAT audience cheered my remarks repeatedly."

"Yes," replied the morose man. "I never saw an audience that would n't rather hear itself holler than listen to somebody's talk." —*Washington Star*.

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ST. DENIS HOTEL CO.

Also Stanwix Hall Hotel, Albany, N. Y.

### HE MISUNDERSTOOD ORDERS.

Mistakes made over the telephone are sometimes as humorous as they are serious. One is told involving the suburban woman and her husband.

"You know," she said, "I wanted to persuade our hens to lay in the nests we had provided for them. So I telephoned my husband to bring home a couple of artificial eggs with him."

"Well, and did n't he?"

"Did n't he? He brought home a pair of cork legs." —*Boston Herald*.



## FOR SALE—Puck's Artists' Originals

**O**WING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale.

These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original draw-

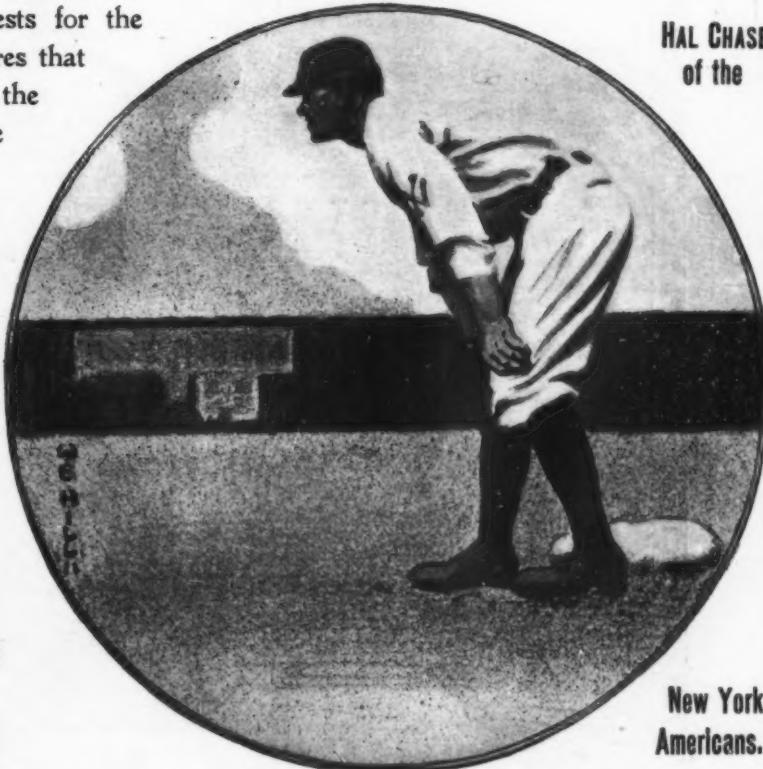
ings are from three to four times as large as the printed reproductions, covering a wide choice of subjects.

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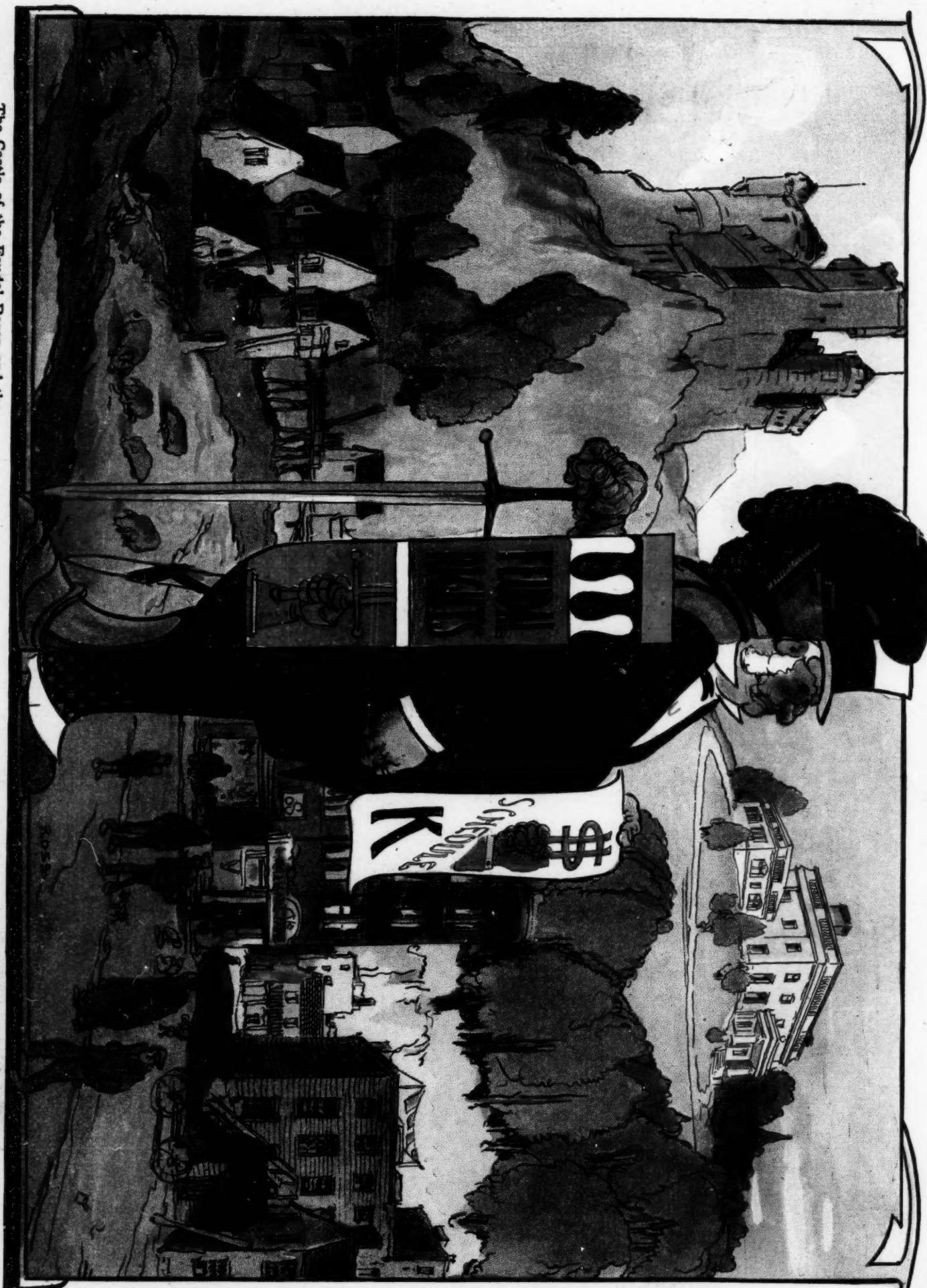


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The Castle of the Feudal Baron and the  
Hovels of the Serfs.

The Mansion of the Tariff Baron and the Shacks  
of the "Protected Workers."